

31
**The Christian's Conflict
and Crown.**

Ed: A *May*

S E R M O N

P R E A C H ' D A T

W A R R I N G T O N,

F E B R U A R Y 23.

1745-6.

On Occasion of the

D E A T H

Of the late Reverend and Learned

Charles Owen, D.D.
*author of "Plain dealing or Separation
without schism - see pa. 25"*

By J. O W E N. *K*

L O N D O N:

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T O T H E
F A M I L Y
O F T H E L A T E
D r . O W E N .

Reverend Sir, and much honoured Cousins.

AFTER my Sentiments of Condolance for the Loss which you and the Publick have sustain'd by the important Providence re-ferr'd to in the following Discourse, I cannot forbear taking the same Opportunity of paying my Sentiments of Congratulation, for your having the Hapiness of descending from such an excellent Father ; of having so long enjoyed the Benefit of his wise and virtuous Instructions, his tender Care, and shining Example. Such an Address may be uncommon ; but then the Occasion is so too. How many are there not only born, but bred like the wild As's Colt, as ignorant, and more savage ? To descend from a good Stock, is therefore justly reputed a Blessing : But to boast of a Parent illustriously great and good ; to have his Life and the Vigour of his Faculties continued to a good Old Age ; and to partake of all the Advantages consequent thereupon,

thereupon, is one of the first-rate Blessings of Heaven. But I forget I am addressing myself to those who have been early train'd up in the Principles of true Christian Philosophy and divine Wisdom.

The Discourse you have here laid before you, was at first preach'd, and is now publish'd as a Tribute justly due to the most exalted Abilities and Character, whether consider'd as Intellectual, Moral or Divine. Cou'd the tender Feelings of the human Mind upon the Shock of such a Family Affliction, have allow'd Dr. Owen's Son to have delineated the Life and recommended the Example of his Father, the Composition would have appeared with the usual Dress of all his Discourses, that is, with peculiar Beauty, Delicacy and Correctness.

I am conscious that what follows, cannot plead the same Advantages; but as a Testimony of the sincerest Respect and Esteem, it begs your candid Acceptance.

That you may inherit the Virtues of your Father, and that Dr. Owen may live in all, even in his remotest Posterity, are the most respectful Wishes of

Reverend and much honoured,

Your very affectionate Relative,

ROCHDALE,
March 25.

J. OWEN.

ii. Timothy, iv. 7. 8.

I have fought a good Fight, I have finish'd my Course, I have kept the Faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a Crown of Righteousness, which the Lord the righteous Judge shall give me at that Day, and not to me only, but also unto all them that love his appearing.



AS the Providence which leads me to dwell upon these Words, is not a peculiar and extraordinary Case that affects only a few, but is the common Lot and Portion of all, the Subject challenges our most serious and solemn Attention. Young and old, rich and poor, the Ignorant and the Learned, the Statesman and the Hero, the Peasant and the Philosopher, are all equally sure that they must die; and when Death comes they are all equally concerned in its Issue. When Death is the *Text*, where is the Man that can say, I have nothing to do with the *Sermon*? Inasmuch then, that we are all walking on the Borders of the Grave, and within the Suburbs of Immortality, is it not a Point of the highest Wisdom and Importance, so to improve the Death of others as to be prepar'd for our own; that when we
come

come to leave this World, the Language of our Dissolution may be the same with the Language of *Paul* in my Text, *I have fought a good Fight, &c.*

In the Context we have *Paul's* Instructions to *Timothy* as to the Conduct of the Pastoral Charge. The Advice which he gives, he enforces from the Consideration, that as to himself, he must shortly deliver up his Life and Apostleship together, and therefore is solicitous that *Timothy* should supply his Place with Dignity and Advantage. Hereupon *Paul* takes a Review of his own Deportment as an Apostle; and Oh! what a comfortable Review doth it yield him, to be able to say, as he was ready to leave the World, that he had behaved worthily in it; *I have fought a good Fight, &c.* And is not this a Matter of rejoycing, when all sensitive Pleasures forsake me? ---It surely is-- for now my Warfare is accomplish'd; Henceforth there is laid up for me a Crown of Righteousness, which the Lord the righteous Judge shall give me at that Day when I appear before him, and not to me only, but to all them that love his appearing.

Paul during the Course of his Apostleship, suffer'd many severe Trials, and endur'd a great Fight of Afflictions. Justly therefore might he represent his own Life under the Notion of a State of Warfare; but tho' this was more eminently his Case, 'tis far from being peculiarly his: In displaying the Christian Life in general,

neneral, the sacred Writings frequently make use of Military Allusions. Thus *Timothy* is called upon to *endure Hardness as a good Soldier of Jesus Christ*. Thus the same Apostle argues, the *Weapons of our Warfare are not carnal*. Thus we are called upon to *put on the whole Armour of God*, and to mention only one Text more, is there not a *Warfare to Man on Earth* as *Job. vii. 1.* may not be improperly render'd, and as it is render'd in the Margin of our English Bibles.

Tho' then the Language of my Text be accommodated by *St. Paul* to his own particular Case, yet may we not with equal Propriety, apply the Sentiment couch'd in the Words, to all such as finish their Course well, and thro' Faith and Patience have inherited the Promise. When these are remov'd, may we not say, that their Warfare is accomplish'd? Whatsoever Conflicts or Trials they have met with in the present State, will not Death put a Period to all their Troubles, and instate them in the Possession of a Crown of immortal and immarcesible Glory? I have fought a good Fight, &c.

As then I now stand in the Place of a worthy Relative, your late most worthy and excellent Pastor, whose Tongue was Eloquence, whose Life was Heaven: To improve the solemn Providence which brings me here, my present Business shall be,

I. To shew the State of the Christian in
this

this Life, is not improperly describ'd as a State of Warfare.

II. Lay down some Considerations, to animate us to fight a good Fight, and to behave with becoming Steadiness and Magnanimity in our Christian Warfare, and

Lastly, sum up the Whole with a few Reflections.

I. I am to shew, that the State of the Christian in this Life is not improperly describ'd as a State of Warfare. But to prevent our viewing this Matter in a wrong Light, or being led into such a Track of Thought as may create in us a Displeasure at Providence, or an Arraignment of our heavenly Father's Goodness, be it premis'd, that such figurative Representations as this in my Text, cannot be intended to imbitter the genuine Pleasures of Life, or to spread a Gloom over its Comforts. 'Tis not unusual for Men of a gloomy Turn and of strong Passions, upon every little Ruffle, to suffer their Imaginations to paint human Life in Colours that are extremely unnatural and shocking. The Pleasures of Life they have lost the Relish of; its Joys they condemn as the Offspring of Levity or Inconsideration; but all its Dangers, Distresses, and Disappointments, they improve and aggravate. If they do but taste of the Cup of Affliction, Imagination swells it into an unfathomable Ocean of Sorrow. If their own Imprudencies expose them to Hardships, or subject them to Inconveniences, all
this

this is laid to the Charge of the Providence of God: How common for Men of this Cast to cry out, What an *Orphan* World do we live in? How miserable our Portion in it? How long, Lord how long 'ere this wretched Warfare shall be accomplish'd? But such peevish Outcries as these, against the present State of Mankind demonstrate, not what the World is, but, what an Infelicity it is to be govern'd by Pride and Caprice, by diseas'd and tumultuous Passions; however such Persons may represent the present State (which was far from being the Design of *Paul* in my Text) as a State of Eternal Perplexity and Horror; however they may represent the World as a tiresome Pilgrimage, as a tempestuous Sea, as a dark or desolate Wilderness, yet it must be acknowledg'd, 'tis our own Vices only, that can render our Pilgrimage thro' Life tiresome, 'tis the Storms of our own Corruptions only, that must make Life a tempestuous Sea; 'tis our own savage Passions only, that must make Life a dark and desolate Wilderness. This premised,

1. The State of the Christian in this World is not improperly describ'd as a *State of Warfare*, as we have many Enemies in it to encounter with. Look abroad, and have we not foreign Enemies that threaten to invade our Happiness, to wound our Peace, and sacrifice our Comforts? Look at Home, and have we not domestick Tumults to suppress, domestick Foes to combat? What shall we say to the Pow-

ers of Darkneſs, to the *Prince of the Power of the Air*, the Spirit that ruleth in the Children of Diſobedience? We know indeed that he cannot hurt a Hair of our Heads without our heavenly Father's Permiſſion; but may not his Influence be dangerous, tho' not uncontrollable? May not his Dominion be extenſive, tho' not abſolute and ſupreme? However, we'll rather ſuppoſe, as Revelation hints, that Satan is a conquer'd Adverſary; that the accuſed Spirits of Darkneſs are only ſo many Enemies in *Chains*; that 'tis eaſy to baffle their Malice and triumph over their impotent and feeble Rage: Yet is there not a deluding and enſnaring World, whoſe Temptations we muſt wage War againſt, during our Continuance in it? Doth it not beſiege us with its Vanities, attack us with its Frowns, or ſometimes ſweetly decoy us into Ruin, with its more fatal Smiles? The Luſt of Honour, Thirſt of Popularity and Greatneſs, an inordinate Love of Riches, a ſtrong and ſevere Attachment to this World, what are theſe but ſo many Weapons of War brandiſh'd abroad for our Deſtruction? Bad Company, looſe and low Converſation, the Charms of Pleaſure, wrong Ideas of Happineſs, by placing it only in ſenſitive Gratifications; are not theſe ſo many *Ambuſcades* to Virtue, and is not our Life therefore a *State of Warfare*?

Remember then O ye Chriſtians, that tho' in a natural Senſe we are fed daily with the Bounties of Heaven, and partake of its richeſt Bleſſings

ings, yet in a moral Sense we dwell in an *Enemy's* Country. Whilst you are best pleased with your Situation, whilst you walk Abroad most unconcern'd, remember that ten thousand Enemies lie in Ambush to destroy you. Be assur'd of this, that the *World* oft imitates the Conduct which Judas pursu'd out of *Love to the World*, and betrays those whom it kisses.

But besides, have we not other Enemies to combat? Enemies within us, Enemies at Home, whose Attacks are still more dangerous, and whose Assaults, unless vigorously repulsed, may prove extremely fatal. Is not Vice an Enemy within our own Bowels, a wretched treacherous Inmate, that invites foreign Foes to invade our Peace, that facilitates their Progress, improves their Strength, and corresponds familiarly with them? Is not this the Enemy, that *poysons* all our Comforts, that *corrupts* our Duties, that causes all our Hopes and Fears as to Futurity to *stagnate*? Yes, Vice is a *Poyson* of a most subtle and insinuating Nature; it soon spreads, and its Contagion becomes soon *fatal*: Vice is a *Weed* of most luxuriant Growth; unless it be rooted up early, who can obstruct or check it? Vice is a *Current*, whose Stream may for a while glide smoothly and gently along, yet will at last inevitably sink us into the *Whirlpools of Destruction*. Vice is a *Spark* which when once kindled, will burn with outrageous Fury; and unless soon extinguish'd, will consume us with its *devouring Flame*. We have

Passions within us, that like Rivers of Water, when once they break thro' their Bounds, rage with relentless Fury : We have Passions that are as ungovernable as the Wild-Beasts of the Forest, and oft more savage than they : We have Passions which if once indulg'd beyond Measure, will raise *Hurricanes and Tempests* within our own Breasts, more dreadful than those, which in the World of Nature, rend the Bowels of the Earth, or spread a Gloom over the Face of the Heavens !

Behold here as in a Glass, what Necessity there is, O my Soul ! that thou shouldst be arm'd against thy own Lufts ; and that thou shouldst watch against all the Inroads of Temptation. In *Youth* how becoming to watch against *Sensuality and Rashness* ; amidst the *Declensions of Age*, watch against *Avarice, Peevishness, and uncharitable Censure* ; in *Prosperity* watch against *Pride and Superciliousness* ; in *Adversity* watch against a *murmuring discontented Spirit*. Are you *alone* watch over your own Soul ; are you in *Company* watch against *foreign Invasions* ; in *Business* watch against the *Cares of Life* ; in *Relaxation* from Business, watch against its *Pleasures and Diversions*. Wherever we are, let us not forget that we are within reach of the Enemy : Whatever State we are in, let us keep it in our Minds that it is but a *State of Warfare*.

2. The present State when describ'd as a *State of Warfare* leads us to consider it as a

State

State of perpetual Change. The *Military Man* has no settled Habitation ; whilst he is in Service he has no Rest ; you see him either marching in Pursuit of the Enemy, charging him in Battle, or keeping a watchful Eye on his Motions, and when he retires out of the Field, 'tis not long that he stays in his Quarters.

How just an Image of Human Life ? Here we are in an unsettled State ; here we have no continuing City. Are we not incessantly moving towards another World, whatever we are doing, are we not still pressing forward towards the Grave ? And must we not in a few Days combat Hand to Hand with the last Enemy, with that *dreadful Enemy* Death ? Whatever Possessions we enjoy, whatever pleasureable Accommodations may invite our stay in this State ; yet there is no halting till we have encounter'd the last Enemy ; no *Discharge from this War* ; forward we must go--whilst we are amusing ourselves with the gay Pleasantries of Life, shall we forget that we are every Day drawing nearer towards the *gloomy Field* of Battle ; whilst we give way to all manner of Riotings and Excesses, shall we not call to Mind how soon we may be numbred amongst the *slaughtered Hosts* of Destruction ?

Life what is it, but a Sun that soon sets ; a Lamp that every Blast of Wind affects, and must soon be extinguished ; a Vapour that soon flies ; a Post that soon arrives at the End of his Stage ; a Span that is soon measur'd ; a Dream that is
not

not so soon told as gone; a Shadow that vanisheth, when you are most eager in the Chace? The brilliant Bubble how soon may it break; the gay Flower how soon may it be blasted; the feeble Structure how soon may it fall; and even the strong City when besieg'd from the Camps of Death, how soon may it be taken? One, whilst he's ballancing his Accounts in his Shop, is suddenly removed to adjust his Accounts with Heaven! Another whilst he traverses his Fields, is snatched away in a Moment and carried to immortal Regions! Another is entertaining his Friends, when lo! Death steps in as an uninvited Guest, and sits at the Head of the Table! A Fourth retires to Rest, and the next Tydings we hear is, that he has *slept in Jesus*.

3. The Idea given in my Text, of Human Life as a *State of Warfare* leads us to consider it as a State of Troubles and of Dangers. Are not Soldiers frequently expos'd to the most imminent Dangers? Do they not dwell continually in the Territories of Death? They know not one Hour what Service they may be call'd to in the next; the Orders they receive to Day may be countermanded to-morrow.

And is not this a *lively Emblem* of our moral Warfare. What is Human Life but a Scene of Troubles and of Trials; but at the same Time *variegated* with so many Joys, *checquer'd* with so many gladfom Relishes, that we have no Reason to repine at our Portion. We enjoy

joy so many good Things here, as should make our Pilgrimage comfortable and easy ; but withal are expos'd to so many Afflictions, as plainly bespeaks that we should seek after another Heritage ; and that This was never intended as the Place of our Rest. Do not the *darkest Clouds* sometimes arise, where we expected the *brightest Day* ? In those Stages where we promis'd ourselves a *glorious Calm*, are we not oft surrounded with *Storms and Tempests* ? Tho' our Days are but few, are not our Troubles many ? *Many Troubles in a few Days* ! Man, saith the *inspired Writer*, is born to Trouble as the Spark flyeth upwards : 'Tis his Birthright, his Inheritance, an Inheritance that cannot be taken away from him : Some are born to Estates, some to Titles and Honours, some to rule Nations, some to subdue them, but all are born to Trouble.

We are apt to flatter ourselves, that in such a Scene, or in such a Station, we may enjoy an uninterrupted Happiness ; like Children that imagine, that if they can rise the Summit of the next Hill, they may grasp the Heavens ; but like them too when we reach thither, are we not as much disappointed as ever ? Wou'd you see the Man that never eat of the Bread of Affliction, never drank of the Cup of Sorrow, see him you may---but *not in this State*, you must wait till you arrive at the World of Glory.

4. As our present State is a *State of Warfare* Christianity has furnish'd us with all *suitable Armour* for it. From what has been already
urg'd,

urg'd, is it not evident, that our *Hearts* have as much Need of a sacred Jealousy to be maintained over them, as in the Day of Battle our *Heads* have of a Helmet? Our *Souls* stand as much in Need of a Shield from Temptation, as our *Breasts* do of a Buckler? And doth not *Christianity* furnish us with all proper Weapons to combat our Lusts, and govern our Passions? Doth it not call upon us to resist the first Onsets of Temptation? To keep us out of the *Territories* of Vice, doth it not forbid our walking in its *Borders*? To preserve us from Ruin, doth it not sound an Alarm of Danger, whenever we tread in the Suburbs of Destruction? *Human Laws* can only take Cognizance of our external Conduct, but *Christianity* searches our *Hearts* and regulates all our *Affections*: So far is it from dictating Hurt to our Neighbour, that it commands us never to hate him: So far from defrauding or robbing him of his Right, that we should never covet his Possessions.

And is not the Practice of our Duty, *enforc'd* in the Christian Scheme by the noblest Motives, and the most awful Sanctions? Are not the Amiability and Excellency of Religion, the Dignity of our Nature, the Worth of our Souls laid open before us? Are we not taught the dreadful Consequences of forfeiting the Favour of the Deity, and kindling a *Hell within our own Bosoms*? Are not the Joys of Heaven, the Terrors of the Lord, the Artillery of Divine Vengeance all display'd open to our View?
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And do not these fortify against every Temptation? Are not *some of these* Considerations calculated to render us compos'd and intrepid amidst Dangers, to bear us up amidst all the Wrecks of Fortune, to break the Force of the raging Waves and Billows of Affliction, and convert all their Fury into an empty Foam?

Yes surely; Religion, the divine Religion of *Jesus*, and *that only*, can inspire us with true Magnanimity in our Christian Warfare. He who knows that he has Omnipotence for his Enemy, and all the Powers of Heaven joined in a Confederacy against him, how disturb'd and distracted must his Soul be in every Scene! Will not all the Messengers of Affliction appear to him, as so many Arrows of Almighty Vengeance? Will not all the painful Calamities of Earth appear as the Thunderbolts of the God of Heaven? Will he not be like the *troubled Sea that is never at rest*? If Tempests cease to rage, if Storms are appeas'd, doth it not cast forth Mire and Dirt out of its own Bowels?

But the Armour of God, is it not an Armour that renders the Soul invulnerable, expos'd neither to the Attacks of Guilt, nor Wounds of Conscience! What has he to dread from Earth and Heaven, and the Powers of both; who is befriended by the God who made them? Knows he not that his Affairs are under the Direction of *infinite Wisdom*, that they are conducted by *infinite Goodness*, and that *infinite Power* sits at the Helm of Administration? Tho' then the Fight he engages in should be desperate, yet if

he maintains his Ground, Triumph shall attend him! Tho' he steers in a tempestuous Sea, there is a safe Haven before him! And will not these Considerations be to the religious Man as the Ark was of old to *Noah*, an Antidote against all surrounding Calamities; a Refuge from the swelling Floods of Affliction, from dark and devouring Tempests: When all other Supports fail, will not those deriv'd from above, *bear up* the Soul even amidst the *Storm* of Nature and *Wreck* of Worlds! I proceed then,

II. To lay down some Considerations to animate us to fight a good Fight, and to behave with becoming Steadiness and Fortitude in our Christian Warfare. And

I. 'Tis a good Cause that we fight for. That Valour which arises only from a *Violent Ferment* of Blood and Spirits, is oft rash, oft ungovernable and restive; and consequently may prove to be but of little Use when most we need its Assistance. But when our Fortitude is founded upon *rational* Principles, will it not be cool and temperate in itself, attentive to the Commands of Reason, *deliberate* in forming Schemes, but *Active* and *Alert* in the Execution of them? And what can inspire us with such Fortitude as this, if not the Goodness of the Cause in which we are embark'd? What was it that enabled *Paul* to plead his Cause with so much Dignity and Composure of Spirit, before his Incens'd Adversaries, but his having liv'd in all
good Conscience to that Day. Acts xxiii. 1.

And

And shall not the Christian fight boldly, fight resolutely, when he considers that it is a *good Fight* that he is engag'd in? *Fellow Christians*, in this holy Warfare we are not call'd upon to invade the Liberties of Others, but to preserve our Own; we fight to preserve Ourselves from the Vassalage of Sin, from being made the Bondslaves of Destruction. We fight — not to gratify the Lust of Pride and Ambition, — not to dethrone Reason and give the Sovereignty to lawless and turbulent Passions, but we fight to secure Peace and Equanimity in our own Minds. We fight against those Enemies that *sacrifice* our Innocence, *wound* our Consciences, *debase* our Nature, and *destroy* our Souls. We fight not against Law, against Liberty, against wise and equitable Government, but against *Traytors* and *Tyrants*; we fight against Vice, which is a Traytor to our Happiness. We fight against our *Tyrant* Lusts and Corruptions. Let the wicked be haunted with his own Guilt, let him flee before it, when no other Enemy pursues him; but shall not the righteous be bold as the Lyon, when he is engag'd in Combat with the Powers of Hell and Darkness? Shall it not inspire us with a sacred Magnanimity when we consider the Importance of the Combat; --- that our *future all* is at Stake; that if we are baffled we are undone; if we are conquered, we are irretrievably ruin'd and lost for Ever!

What *Folly*, nay what *Perfection* of *Madness* is it, to neglect the one Thing necessary; to live as if we had no Souls to save; no Eternity

to prepare for ; no Judgment Day to expect ; no Happiness beyond the Grave to secure. If our Bodies are indispos'd, do we not forthwith call in the Aids of the Physician ? If our Title to an Estate be doubtful, do we not speedily apply for Council ? And shall we suffer our precious Souls to perish, for want of attending to the Duties incumbent upon us in this *State of Warfare* ? Have you any Value for your immortal Nature ? Shall your Enemies be *awake*, whilst you are *asleep* ?--By no means--If you wou'd not be miserable forever, *strive, strive* for Victory and Triumph ! Is not such a Victory over Hell and Vice worth striving to obtain ? Is not such a Happiness as that of the upper World, worth striving to secure ? Is not such a Destruction as pursues the wicked, worth striving to escape ? Is it not worth striving to have the Fountain of all Being and Blessedness for our eternal Friend, and his Favour for our eternal Portion ? Which leads me to observe,

2. The Prize that we fight for should inspire us with the utmost Steadiness and Fortitude in our Christian Warfare. What is it that we fight for ? 'Tis no less than for a Crown and a Kingdom. We fight not for *fading Honours* ; not for *withering Gourds* ; not for transitory Joys and Pleasures ; but for a *Heavenly Kingdom*, for a Crown of *unfading* Glory.

As to earthly Crowns, do we not generally find that they are wreath'd with Perplexity and lin'd with Thorns ? In the Kingdoms of this World, few Persons are expos'd to so many

ny Difficulties and Dangers, as the Monarchs who rule them: But so fight as to secure *yon Heavenly Crown* that is before us, and when once in Possession of it, shall there not be an eternal Period put to all the Evils we now dread or deprecate? No Violence or Injustice shall dwell within the Gates of the Kingdom. The Crown we shall wear, will be a Crown of everlasting Righteousness. Our Natures shall be cloathed with their original Rectitude; our Faculties enlarg'd; our Understandings enlighten'd; the Clouds of Darkness that now hang over them, shall be dissipated and done for ever away. In *yon glorious Kingdom* the Mysteries of Providence shall be unveil'd; the Depravity of our Wills shall be healed; the Perverseness of our Affections rectify'd; our Virtues shall be refin'd and perfect, our Graces and our Knowledge shall be improving for ever. Sin, the *Parent* of all our Afflictions, the *fruitful Nursery* of all Evils, shall find no Access there, consequently all Sorrow shall cease; no Wars nor rumours of Wars to disturb the Peace of the Kingdom. None of the Convulsions of Empire; none of the Desolations of the Sword, shall follow or attend us there: How *ravishing* will be the Voice that says to the good Man when he has fought his Fight, and finish'd his Course, *enter thou into the Joy of thy Lord!*

For ever to dwell in the immediate Presence of God; *for ever* to be making Improvements in Wisdom and in Goodness; *for ever* to be adoring.

doring and celebrating the Almighty's Perfections ; *for ever* to be assimilating ourselves to his moral Image, to drink of the Rivers of intellectual and moral Pleasures *for ever*, Oh how *transporting* the Scene ! What Tongue can express, or what Heart conceive, the full Extent and Perfection of the Ineffable Glory ? Earthly Crowns we sometimes see *earn'd* with Infamy, and, perhaps, too *wore* with the same Infamy that earn'd them ; but the Heavenly Crown is a *Crown of Righteousness*. As to those who wear it, with what Lustre shall they shine in the Firmament of Glory for ever and ever ? Now the best of men are sometimes expos'd to Obloquy and Reproaches, but hereafter *these* shall be wip'd off, or rather hereafter shall not *these* appear as so many Diadems of Honour ? Those who have fought a good Fight, and finish'd their Course well, whatever their present Rank or Distinction be, shall they not be exalted to the Dignity of Kings, (tho' it be the Language of Inspiration it would afford Matter for a great deal of *low* and *stupid Drollery*, should I add) and of *Priests* in the Kingdom of God ; but as the Times go, *Buffoonry* is Wit, and *Infidelity* Religion.

Again, earthly Crowns are but a fading Inheritance ; but the Crown of Glory we are call'd upon to fight for, is a Crown that never fades. The Treasures of this Life, are they not all transient and perishing Possessions ? Its Joys, are they not of short and momentary Duration ? But is there not reserv'd to him that finishes his Course
well

well, an Inheritance *incorruptible, undefiled, and that never fadeth away?* When Riches forsake us ; when all the Enjoyments of this World prove to be so many broken Reeds that can administer no Support or Satisfaction, has not the good Man immortal Treasures——Treasures that Moth cannot corrupt, that Time cannot impair, that Thieves cannot break thro' and steal ! Are not his Comforts *ever fresh?* And is not the Fountain from whence he draws them *inexhaustible?* And Oh ! what a *comfortable* Scene must it be, when we are divorc'd from all the Possessions of this World ; when Wealth flies, when Riches forsake us ; what a *comfortable Scene* must it then be, to have an enduring Substance to trust to, that will never blast our Expectations, never disappoint our Hopes ?

And shall not such a Crown as this, animate us with Fortitude in our Christian Warfare, in order to win and wear it ?

Amidst the *Civil Wars* of the *Roman Commonwealth*, when *Cæsar* was marching with his Army towards *Rome*, Intelligence being brought him, that the Senate and the People were flying from it ; they that will *not fight for this City*, says the Hero, *what will they fight for?* But how much more justly may *we* say, They that will not exert themselves in good Earnest to obtain an eternal Inheritance, an *incorruptible Crown* ; what is there besides in the *whole World* that can deserve their Care and Attention ? What base and dastardly Souls must those be, that will not fight for a Crown of everlasting Righteousness ?

Earthly

Earthly Crowns may be possess'd, without yielding any genuine Comfort to those who enjoy and wear them. The Monarch may be ty'd down to the *Society* of Persons he abhors, or to the *Maxims of State* which are his *Aversion*, so as to prostitute the Monarch into a *Slave*: But the Crown of Glory that is before us, what Freedom doth it not promise? What Joys will it not inspire? And what Triumphs will it not yield? 'Tis a Crown that will be bequeath'd upon all those who love the *Appearing of the Lord Jesus*: And O! what a glorious Assembly will there be found in the upper World, when good Men of all Ages and Countries, of all Parties and Perswasions, of all Degrees and Distinctions, shall wear the unfading Crown, shall enjoy a Felicity adequate to their Nature, and that will run parallel with an *Eternity* of Existence! How *ravishing* and *sublime* the Pleasure, to join the celestial Choir, the *Spirits of just Men made perfect*, the *general Assembly of the First-born*, to join them in contemplating the *Immensity* of God's Works and Love, the *Wonders* of his Providence and Grace; to have a perfect View of the Plan of God's moral Government; to see how *wise*, how *fitting*, how *good* all those Dispensations, which we now count its mysterious Paths; to view the *infinite Diversity* of Creatures, in the Scale of Beings; and, perhaps be made acquainted with *Myriads of Worlds*, to which we are now strangers! In all these respects, the very thought inspires with rap-
 true!

ture! To adore in *Concert* the Wisdom, the Power and the Goodness of the great Creator; how *nobly great and awful* the Pleasure! To join with the wisest and the best Characters of all Ages, with Persons of the first Rank and Figure in the Court of Heaven; to associate with kind benevolent Spirits, whose Virtues have no Shade or Alloy, with the Friends not of *Party*, but of *Piety*; not of a *Faction*, but of *Mankind*; to associate with all those who now expect and wait for the appearing of the Lord Jesus; How——what shall I say——how *unutterably glorious* the Scene!

Suffer me then, to address you the Children of this World; deceive not yourselves with the vain Presumption, that you are to wear the Name of Religion *only as an Amulet, or a Charm*; and that this will be sufficient to chase away your moral Maladies;——it will never do. *No Crown without fighting*. What Enterprize of Importance can a Man engage successfully in, without *close and severe Application*? The *Man of Business*, will he not drudge and toil for the Acquisition of Riches? *The Mariner*, doth he not expose himself to the Rage of Storms and Tempests, for the sake of Treasures that are as fluctuating as the *very Waves of the Sea*, upon which he earns them? *The Man of Science*, will he not sacrifice Ease Pleasure and Rest, will he not keep his Faculties on the Stretch in order to investigate dark and hidden Truths? And shall not the *Christian* put on the whole Armour of God and behave as

a good Soldier of Jesus Christ, when he fights for a Kingdom? A Kingdom, not like the Kingdoms of this World, subject to the Desolations of War, Earthquakes and Famine; not expos'd to Treasons and Tumults in the State, to corrupt Management and Male-Administration; not liable to Changes and Convulsions within its own Bowels; not subject to any foreign Invasions or domestic Strife; but the Kingdom of Heaven, a Kingdom of Peace, Purity, Love and Joy; a Kingdom where perfect Tranquility and perfect Righteousness reigneth for ever and ever!

Look into the Nations around you; see what Dangers and Distresses Men will struggle with, for the sake of Temporal Power and Dominion: What Deluges of Blood will not Men wade thro'; what Deluges of Treasure will they not expend; what Hardships will they not sustain; what Fields will they not bleed in, for the sake of a *little dying Empire*! See how many thousands of Men fall Victims to the Ambition of a Single Tyrant! See how many *ten thousands* perish in the Field of Battle! What *pompous Havock* of Mankind! What *magnificent Murders and dreadful Devastations*, are committed in the World for the sake of Crowns, that cost the Possessors all the *Ease* and the *Comforts* of Life, and sometimes even the *Heads* that wear them! And shall not their *ignoble* Fortitude, their *wretched* and *degenerate* Ambition, inspire us with a truly *Christian* Magnanimity, and engage us to fight

fight with Ardour and Resolution, for a Prize worth securing! For a *Crown of everlasting Righteousness!* Is it not worth our while, *not only* to be vigorous and active, but to exert *our whole* Strength; *not only* to exert *our whole* Strength, but to employ *all our Vigilance and Circumspection*; and *not only* to employ all our Vigilance and Circumspection, but likewise to *expose ourselves to the greatest Hardships*; and *if call'd upon*, to the most imminent Dangers for the sake of obtaining such a Crown and Kingdom? But

3. Should it not animate us to Fortitude and Steadiness in our Christian Warfare, when we consider, *whose Banner it is we fight under.* The Slaves of Vice and the Votaries of Destruction, they fight under the Banner of the *Evil One*, who will flatter them in Prosperity, enlist them with Promises *smoother* than Oyl, but at the same time *more lubricous* too, yea even *vainer* than Vanity. Whatever gay Prospects or wild Imaginations the Devotees of *Mammon* may form, yet in the *Day of Adversity*, instead of finding Relief or Assistance from this World, will it not leave them *wretched, unpitied, forlorn, friendless and forsaken?* But if we attend to our Duty as Christians, and *fight the good Fight of Faith*, is not *Christ* our Leader? Is not *Christ* our Prince? Is not *Christ*, in Allusion to the *Apostle's* Phrase, *the Captain General of our Salvation!* Heb. ii. 10.

Wou'd he, that is in a *State of Warfare*, desire to be under the Direction of a Comman-

der distinguish'd for Humanity and Compassion? And has not the Lord *Jesus*, a Fellow-feeling with us in all our Infirmities; *knoweth he not our Frame? Remembers he not that we are Dust?* And is he not ever ready to make the most gracious and merciful Allowances, for the Weaknesses of the human Nature? What an Encouragement is it to us, in our great Lord and Lawgiver's Service, that tho' his Eyes are *quick to behold*, yet they are not *severe to mark* wherein we do amiss; that instead of *rigorously executing* Judgment, he is *slow to Wrath* and *quick to pardon*; that he is so far from imposing a severe and arbitrary Service, so far from exacting Impossibilities, and *requiring Brick* where he gave *no Straw*, that on the other Hand, he accepts the *Sincerity* of Obedience, where the *Perfection* of it is wanting; and is ever more ready to *forgive* than to *aggravate*, to *pardon* than to *punish* human Frailty and Imperfection.

When therefore we are call'd upon to the Christian Warfare, let us not be dismay'd from our Duty, by any dark and gloomy Representations of Religion; we are not call'd upon to an impracticable Service: We are not call'd to *bow our Necks* to the Yoke of a *cruel Task-master*: We are not called to fight the *Battles of a Tyrant*, but to put ourselves under the Conduct of a most kind and benevolent Redeemer.

Is it desir'd in a *State of Warfare* to have *Power* in our behalf? But has not the Lord *Jesus* an Omnipotent Arm? Is not he cloathed with Majesty and Power, and able to defeat

feat all the *Hosts of both Worlds* that form an
 Insurrection against Virtue and Heaven? When
 he appears in Judgment, will not the *great*
Ones of the Earth tremble, cry to the *Rocks* to
fall upon and the *Mountains* to *cover them*? Is
 not the Son of God, engag'd in his Father's
 Service? And doth not the most high God, pre-
 side over *universal Nature*? Are not all the *Na-*
tions of the Earth as the *Drop of a Bucket*, or
 as the *small Dust of the Ballance* before him?
 Cannot he do whatsoever he pleaseth in *Hea-*
ven, in Earth, in the Seas, and in all the deep
Places? Is not he *the King of old that worketh*
Salvation, who is *alone able either to save or*
destroy, who has *harden'd himself against him*
and prosper'd? Is not the Redeemer, in whom
 Christians trust, *able to heal all their Maladies,*
 to supply all their Wants, to assist all their
 Weaknesses, and to remove all their Complaints
 and Sorrows? Is he not *able to support them*
 under all their Trials, and to bring them all
 to a happy Issue? Has not he subdu'd the worst
 Enemies of our Nature, and obtain'd a Con-
 quest over Hell and the Grave? By subduing
 Death, has he not likewise taught us how to
 obtain the Victory over it? Shall we not thro'
 him, be able to say with an undaunted Confi-
 dence, *O Death where is thy Sting? O Grave*
where is thy Victory? Thanks be to God thro'
Jesus Christ who has made the Victory ours!

And shall it not encourage us, to fight a good
 Fight, to finish our Course well, when we con-
 sider that the *Lord Jesus* is the Captain of our
 Salvation

Salvation, who was in all Things tried and tempted as we are, only without Sin ; that *he* is the Captain of our Salvation, who has obtain'd a Conquest over the Powers of Hell and Darkness, triumph'd over the Grave, and despoil'd Death of its Terrors? Why should we be dismay'd or dejected in our Warfare, *when* we have no Enemies to engage with, but those over whom Christ has been victorious : *When* we have no Adversaries to combat, but those whom our *great Lord and Captain* has subdu'd already : *When* we are assur'd, that he under whose Banner we fight, is the Lord of *Universal* Nature, and has the Command assign'd to him of all the Powers both of Earth and Heaven ?

But if *other Considerations* shou'd fail of their proper Weight, should not even *Gratitude*, excite us to acquit ourselves worthily in our Christian Warfare? Shall it be a Thing of Indifference to us, whether we fight a *good Fight* ; when *Jesus* fought so *hard*, expos'd himself to so many Difficulties and Sufferings, to so many Trials and Tortures, to so many Dangers and Deaths for our Happiness and Salvation? Did not he submit to assume our Nature, to be cloath'd with Flesh, to be expos'd to all the innocent Infirmities of human Life, to die like a *Man*, to die like a *Malefactor*; nay, even to die like a *Slave*, to be mock'd, buffeted and scourg'd by his *Enemies*, to be forsaken by his *Friends*, to be expos'd to the Malice of the *Jews*, the Rage of the *Romans* ; to be left friendless, hungry and naked, nay, even to expire on a *Cross* ?
Did

Did he not weep Tears of Blood, nay did he not even sacrifice his *own Blood*, his *own Life* for our sake, and shall we make no grateful Return? Shall we not devote *our Lives* to his Service, who sacrific'd his *own* for us? Shall we not follow the Example of our *great Lord and Captain*?

4. Another Consideration that should animate us to Steadiness and Fortitude in our Christian Warfare is, that our Conflicts are but *short*, but our Crown *eternal*. The Thought that we must soon leave this World, *abstracted* from all *Regards for Futurity*, is indeed so far from being *joyous*, that it is *painful* to human Nature. A strong Love of Life is implanted within us for the *wisest* Purpose. Were it not for this *useful* Passion, wou'd not every little Ruffle or Disappointment in our Affairs, lead us to *rush* into Eternity, *thoughtless* of the Consequence, as the Horse *rushes* into Battle: But tho' Death, *abstractedly* consider'd, has but a dark and a gloomy Visage, yet consider it as a Translation to a better World; and will not that View of it *soften its Features*, and *reconcile* us to its awful Stroke? Are we then expos'd to Sorrows and Sufferings in our Warfare? But should not this bear us up under them, that they'll be soon at an end; that the *Day of our Redemption* from them *draweth nigh*? We now fight against Sin, but it is but a little while 'ere we shall obtain perfect Victory and Triumph: We now fight against all our spiritual Enemies, but if we are just to ourselves, we shall shortly secure a glorious and immortal Conquest: And O shall we

we not be active in our Duty, whilst we have so noble and exalted a Prospect in Reversion! Here we endure Hardships and Trials: Our Bodies are oft in Pain; our Minds in Anguish; but the dark Scene will soon expire; and the sharper our Afflictions, the more speedily shall we end them. *On Earth*, the good Man is Conqueror over all his Enemies, but shall he not be more than Conqueror over them in *Heaven*? *On Earth* we fight in a Field of Troubles, but in *Heaven* shall we not reign in Glory! *On Earth* we are in the Seat of War; but is not the World above the Region of Peace and Triumph, of ineffable Peace and everlasting Triumph? Is Death then *at the Door*, and shall not we be active in our Warfare, when *Eternity*, an *unchangeable Eternity* depends on the Issue? A wrong Step here, we must feel the Consequences of for ever: Judge then of yourselves, whether it be preferable, that we should *fight against* our Corruptions, or *fall a Sacrifice* to them? Whether it be better to *save* our Souls by our Fortitude and Magnanimity, or to *suffer them to perish* by our own Sloth and Folly? Whether it be not more eligible to *strive here* for Victory, than to *suffer hereafter* an Eternity of Bondage: *Chains of Darknejs* and *Floods of everlasting Woe*! Exert thyself Oh my Soul! to secure a Conquest over Sin and Hell, and then where will be the Sting of Death, the Terror of the Desolating Grave? Will not Death sound thee a *Joyful Retreat* from an Enemy's Country? Will it not call thee from the
Field

Field where the *Arrows of Temptation* fly so thick? Will it not translate thee to *yon blissful Immortality*, where there are no *bleeding and dying Groans* to be heard, no *wounded Consciences*, no *distracting Fears or Cares*, where nothing shall be heard but the *ravishing Voice of Triumph* and everlasting Joy?

5. To animate us with Fortitude in the Christian Warfare, let us remember that Victory is *sure*. What an Encouragement is it to fight a *good Fight*, when we may be assur'd of Conquest, as soon as our Conflict begins? What Pains will the *Children of this World*, as already observ'd, take; what Hazards will they run, merely upon a *probable* Prospect of amassing together, a few Heaps of transitory and perishing Treasure? And shall not the *Children of Light*, learn *Wisdom* from their *Folly*, and exert their utmost Strength and Zeal in working out their Salvation, when we are *assur'd* of Success in the great and glorious Enterprize? The Man that is true to himself, that makes Religion his Choice, the Law of God his Delight, the Example of the Son of God his Pattern, that fears God, not out of a *slavish and superstitious Awe*, but out of a *rational* Concern least he shou'd offend so kind a Friend, or forfeit the Favour of the best of all Beings: The Man that is *serenely* virtuous, *elegantly* wise, that perseveres in well-doing, as knowing that in *due time he shall reap if he faint not*: This is the Man that will baffle all the Powers of Darkness, blast their Malice and confound their Rage!

E

This

This is the Man that walks triumphantly towards his Grave, and has nothing to fear from Death and Hell! Victory is sure, Exert thyself then, Oh my Soul! Work whilst it is Day, improve the present Seasons to train thyself up for everlasting Blessedness; for remember, that, like the Tide that passeth, or the Shadow that flies, if once gone--they are gone for ever! But to apply the whole.

I. Reflection. How dreadful the Case of Sinners, who instead of fighting the *good Fight of Faith*, are carrying on an Insurrection against Heaven. You that transgress God's Law, violate his Authority, and invade the Rights of his Sovereignty, despise his Vengeance and spurn at his Love; think you to *outbrave* Omnipotence, and *mock* the Terrors of divine Wrath, or do you buoy yourselves up with the Hopes of a happy Futurity, whilst you walk in the Paths that lead down to Destruction; be not deceiv'd, *God will not be mocked, whatsoever a Man soweth that also shall he reap*: You that quench the Motions of the *good Spirit of God*, that stifle the Convictions of that *sacred Monitor-Conscience*, that are *deaf* to its Alarms, and *barren* of all good Works in a *Gospel*, in a *Protestant Land*; know you not that *woe to him that striveth with his Maker*.

You that repine at the Allotments of Providence, are never easy and content though surrounded with innumerable Blessings: You that like the *Husbandman* in the *Fable* instead of being grateful to *Jupiter* for the Plenty which
he

he sends, murmur at the Weather he dispenses: Are not you contending with the Almighty? And will not the Lord for these Things surely bring you to Judgement?

You that are incorrigible amidst all the Visitations of Providence, whom *Mercy* will not draw, whom *Afflictions* will not drive; is not this fighting with both Hands against Heaven? Know you not that if *one* of the Arrows of the Almighty's Wrath cannot pierce your Hearts, he has *ten thousand more* in his Quiver? Knowest thou not, *O Sinner!* that he can *hurl down* all the Artillery of his Vengeance to destroy thee?

2. Is there a *Crown of everlasting Righteousness*, laid up for those who *fight a good Fight*, finish their Course well, and keep the Faith; then let us improve the *Example* of those who have *thus* finish'd their Course, so as to *quicken* our Preparations for our own Change.

Our Fathers, that are dead before us, *where are they?* They are, where we shall never be, if we *forsake the God of our Fathers*— in the Regions where everlasting Love and righteousness dwelleth, *singing praises to him that sitteth on the Throne and to the Lamb for ever and ever*: Be now then, Followers of those who thro' *Faith and Patience* have *inherited the Promise*, that you may hereafter be Partakers of their Crown. *Perfection*, indeed, is a Plant that grows in no Clime but that of Heaven. We are to be Followers of Men,

therefore, no further than they have been *Fol-
lowers of Jesus.*

But to *You the Members of this Assembly* I address myself, to *You* I appeal, what a *superlatively eminent* Example of Piety and Goodness, had you set before you in your late *worthy and excellent* Pastor. Now he has left us, the Voice of the solemn Providence is this, go *You and do likewise.* Retain a *grateful* Sense of him, who for so many Years *had the Rule* over you, *who spoke to you the Word of God,* *whose Faith follow,* *considering the End of his Conversation.*

Shall I attempt to give you a Sketch of the *great and good* Man's Character, who is now *gather'd to his Fathers:* You'll surely expect me to do it; and I do it the more readily, as I am animated thereto only by a *Reverence* for exalted Worth and Virtue: In doing it, I have no Man's Favour to court, much less have I any one's Censure to dread, as I speak *only to those who knew him.*

You have lately heard, (1) that he set out into the World in the Days of Violence and Persecution. In the *early Scenes* of Life he had to combat with the Demons of Church Power and Authority; with the Rage of Bigotry, and the Spirit of Imposition: And soon after the Rebellion in 15, when an Attempt was made of the same Nature with the present, to invade and sacrifice our Birthrights; establish
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(1) In a Sermon preach'd after the Interment of the Corps,
by H. Winder, D. D.

the Government of a *rabble Army*, and the *Worship* of *rabble Gods*; to render a *free People* *Slaves* to the *Slave* of *France* and *Rome*, to the *Puppet* of *France* and *Pensionary* of *Rome*: Soon after this, the Zeal and Activity he had upon that Occasion shewn in his Country's Service; his discovering the *Seed Plots* of that Rebellion, and giving the Government early Notice of the Schemes that were concerting to overturn it, expos'd him to (1) a Prosecution that prov'd *as expensive* to him, as it was in itself *base, dishonourable* and *malicious*. The Pamphlet which was *pretended* to be the *Ground-work* of this Prosecution, was an avowed Defence of the Right of private Judgment and the religious Liberties of Mankind: (2) What Acceptance it met within the World, appears from its having undergone *three or four and twenty Impressions*: But 'tis none of my Design to give Memoirs of his Life and Writings, 'tis not improbable but some *more able* Hand may attempt it.

You who attended his Ministry bear witness, with what a *sacred Pathos*, with what a *charming Seriousness*, he would plead Virtue and Religion's Cause: As his *Life* was a *living Sermon*, so the Truths he inculcated upon others, how powerfully did they impress himself? Did not *your Hearts burn within you*, when he painted to you the Amiability of Religion; represented

(1) As appears from an Affidavit made, whereupon he obtain'd a *Noli Prosequi*.

(2) Plain Dealing, or Seperation without Schism, and Schism without Separation.

represented the Dignity of your Nature; the Excellency of your Souls; when he display'd the awful Views of the *future, eternal* World?

But 'tis not from more publick and solemn Scenes *alone*, that we are to form the Character of a Man; no, we may see further into him in the *Undress of Life*, in the Course of free and ordinary Conversation. Here, *if ever*, Virtue is off her Guard; here, *if ever*, Piety is apt to slumber: But you bear me witness, that your late *reverend* Pastor, even in his most familiar and free Converse, was chearful without Levity; sober without Enthusiasm; ambitious of being useful to the World, without vain Glory and Ostentation: Nay, you'll further bear me witness, that instead of making Riches his *Idol*, and *robbing the Poor* to enrich his Family, tho' a most *tender and affectionate* Parent, his Regards for his *own Family* were but small, in Comparison of the Benevolence he shew'd towards the *great Family* of Mankind: From the whole of his Conduct it appears, that he look'd upon sordid and penurious Wealth, as so much massy Oar transferr'd from *one Mine to another*, from the *dark and deep Hoards* of the Earth, to the *darker and deeper Hoards* of Oppression. His *Door* and his *Purse* were ever open to the distress'd and indigent: His House was an *Alms-house*; he was *nobly prodigal* in doing good: *Eyes to the Blind, Feet to the Lamé*; the Poor have lost a *tender Friend*; a *Friend* did I say? I can scarce forbear saying, the Poor have lost a *thousand*

sand Friends in the Death of the late *Dr. Owen*. Had he been as un hospitable and unbenevolent as many others, I wou'd not say of *his Brethren*, for the Sons of Earth, wou'd neither *covet* nor *deserve* the Name ; but had he been as un hospitable and unbenevolent as many others, he might have left his Offspring as *meanly* and *dishonourably* great, as *magnificently* wretched as theirs : But he had a Soul that bravely disdain'd to *stoop so low*, as to *riot* in Pomp, whilst the Poor lay starving at his Gates ! The Bread of Benevolence which he so plentifully dispens'd, 'tis hop'd his Family will reap the Fruits of after many Days : May *Heaven* reward and bless them !

You that are young, will not you bear witness, that your deceas'd Pastor, was the tender Guide and Guardian of Youth ; that he had an inexhaustible Fund of Entertainment ; bringing forth out of his Treasures, a rich Variety of Things old and new, *equally agreeable and instructive* ; that his Conversation had a sprightly Sweetness in it ; a peculiar Delicacy of Wit and Humour that irresistibly engag'd you ; and the very *reverse of most other* beautiful Objects, the more *familiar* it grew, the more *attractive and charming* ; and that, whatsoever Company he convers'd with, a Gloom was never to be seen amongst them, untill—the Hour that he died ?

You that are in Years, do you not anticipate me in observing, that he was the *sweet Companion* of the aged ; Nay once more, all
of

of you will bear me witness, that by his *Elegance and Politeness* of Behaviour, he was capable to *grace a Court*, to *stand before Kings*; tho' like the *supreme Author of Nature*, he delighted much to converse with the lowly and humble?

As to *his Knowledge*, where is the *Mine* of Philosophy into which he had not *dug*? Where is the *Country* he had not *travel'd* over in his *Closet*? Where are the *Worlds* which he had not *explor'd*? And in what Regions shall we find the *Language* to which he was a *Stranger*? How just this Account, may be in some Measure inferr'd, from the extensive Correspondence he had with the Learned, in *foreign Nations* as well as in his own.

Thus adorn'd, and thus qualified, Heaven continu'd him to a good old Age and yet considering the Vigour of his Faculties, even in the latter Periods of Life, one wou'd be inclin'd to say, that he was *old in nothing* but in *Years* and *Goodness*. To his last Illness he cou'd readily read the smallest *Greek* Characters, without the Assistance of Glasses, the Effect no doubt in a great Measure of that Temperance, for which he was so *remarkably* distinguish'd.

To say no more, for *how easily* might I expatiate, consider him as the *able Scholar*, as the *accomplish'd Gentleman*, as the *refin'd Genius*, and to crown all, as the *excellent Christian*; and must we not confess, that he was a *burning and shining Light* in his Day, that he

was

was a Star of the *first Magnitude* in the *Firmament* of the Church, that a *great Man* is fallen in our *British* Israel? But being dead, he yet speaketh; speaketh by the Instructions he gave his Flock, and the godlike Example he set them, as well as by the *honourable Name* he left behind him.

May all of us so improve this Providence, that we may meet our *venerable* Father, who has now left the World, *with Joy* in the *great and solemn Day* of the Lord.

'Tis *too tender* a Scene for me to address you the immediate Descendants of the deceas'd. I *sympathize* in your Afflictions, and *bear Partnership* in your Sorrows, and can say no more, than that tho' you have lost the *best of Fathers*, yet from our *Notions* of the *Deity*, and from that *Sense of Honour* and *Virtue* which subsists among Mankind, you may rest assur'd, that neither the *God* nor the *Friends of your Father*, will ever leave or forsake you.

Are there any present that are not stated Members of this Assembly, that are not *Protestant Dissenters*; learn from the *great, the good Man*, whose Body now lodges in the Dust; to cherish a Spirit of universal Benevolence, and hate no Man for his *Religion*; banish out of your *Hearts* all Manner of Bigotry and Uncharitableness; banish out of *Society* all narrow invidious Distinctions.

The *Crown of everlasting Righteousness* which God will bestow on his Servants, is not *confined* to the Members of one Church; to Men

of this Party, or that Communion ; but to *all* those, *whatsoever Church* they belong to, or *whatsoever Place* they worship in ; to *all those* I say, who love the *Appearing of the Lord Jesus*. And if God be no *Respecter of Persons*, why should we ? Why should any little Differences of Opinion, any more than Difference of bodily Features, estrange those on Earth, who shall be Partakers of the same Crown and the same Happiness in Heaven ?

To conclude, what I say, I say unto all ; when others have left the World before us, let us make it our Business to supply their Room with Advantage, that when we also come to leave this World, we may exchange it for a better, and leave all our Cares, Crosses, Troubles, and Sorrows in it behind us.

— E R R A T A . — In the Title Page after 23, add 1745-6. —
 Page 2, l. 1, read *Condoleance*. — l. 7, read *Happiness*. —
 Page 3, l. 2, after *forget*, read *that*. — l. 24, for *Posterity*, read
Posterity. — Page 12, last Word, for *culated* read *And*. —
 After Page 20, should have followed Page 21, &c. — —

F I N I S.

